

BURIAL AT SEA

(For Captain Karl-Heinz Buzke and his 11-ton motor yacht, 'Chicken,' who bury the remains of rich Germans on the baltic holiday coast of Travemuende.)

Like a rich German bored with his villa
in the South of France; like a rich German,

Philpot has decided to be buried at sea.
He would like his 'Chicken' to be

the Royal Yacht Britannia or the QE2 packed
with explosives -- unless Concorde could be pressed

into service with a laser-guided parachute.
His Travemuende could be anywhere

off the British Isles (except oil-polluted
Scotland) with small-island fishermen in attendance

to bring back the flavour of home.
He has canvassed the West Indian Literary

community for a burial poem; and has arranged
a party to audition the delegates.

The poets, back from America, from Africa,
from Europe, are still mopping-up pockets

of English-language counter-resistance. So he's decided
to be tactful, and not die

to catch them unprepared. He will await the call
from his German villa in the South of France.